The Bystander, June 12, 1918.—No. 758. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Gerrard 3527
Nightly, 7.45. Mon., Wed. Sat., 2.15.
The J. L. Sacks, Limited, production
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EVENINGS at 7.45. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.

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Signature of holder.....

This Coupon does not insure against War Risks.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS
ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Over the Week-End

After the first—the Amiens—push the battle died down for some weeks; but after the second—Soissons-Rheims—push, the cessation was much shorter, and on Sunday the attack boiled up again from Montdidier to Noyon. The territorial gains of the Germans in the previous two pushes were intended to clear the present direct thrust at Paris from the dangers of a flank attack, and, apparently, have succeeded in so doing. But there will be hard fighting for the German infantryman before he can set his eyes on Paris, for the resolution of the Allies is at least equal to his. Paris is defended by her forests as well as her troops; and nature helps with a defence stronger than any man-made fortification. But the men, with their invincible resolve, would be enough.

The Swaying Line

That swaying line in France dominates us all. One learns from a tiny paragraph in equally diminutive type, that there has been a Derby run for and won. I trust that a full account of the contest will be preserved, so that we may read it when we are in a mind to value its importance. A Derby winner must be content with posthumous honours in these times, however grand a colt he may be. The onrush for Paris and the heroism with which it is being withstood—of nothing else can we think seriously just now. That line of dauntless fellows may sway, but we are sure it will never break.

In Paris To-day

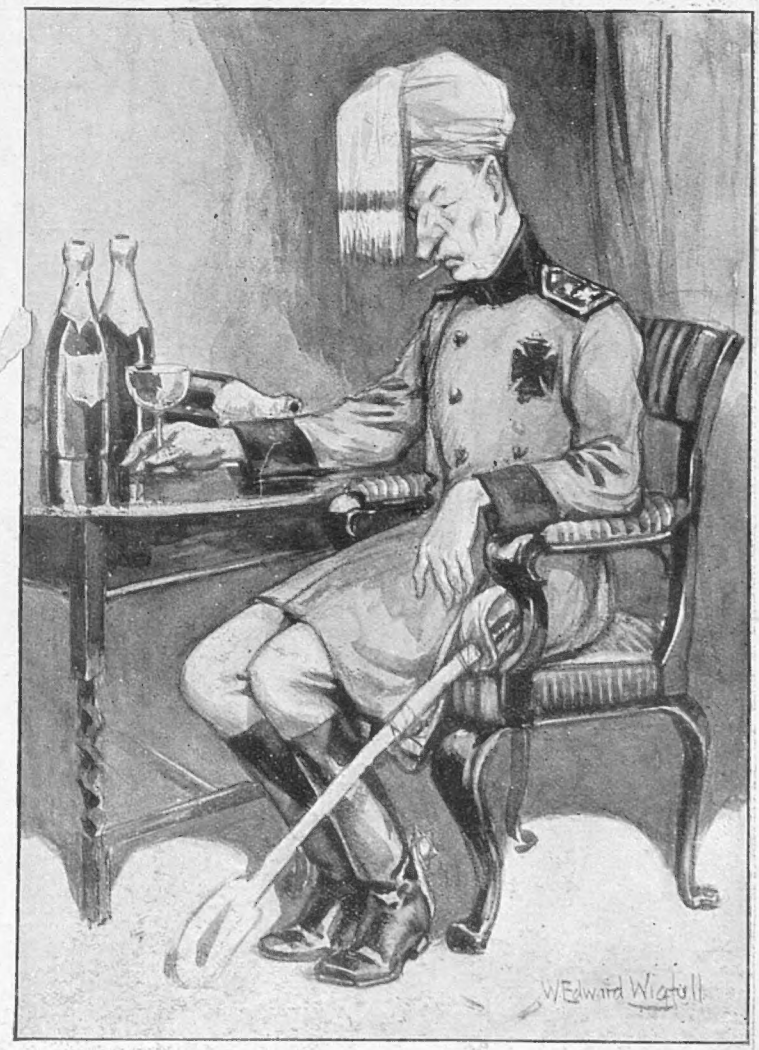
From the French our Tommies have borrowed many a trick of speech and amusing gesture. The British reproduction of a shrug is delightful. The French, however, have not been lacking in imitation, and from what I hear, it seems as if the Parisian folk are monuments of *sang-froid*. The *grosse* Bertha irritates, but in no wise dismays. The little children in the streets play pantomime when they hear it, tumbling themselves on the ground and simulating death or dismemberment—springing up the next second to a wild dance of screaming defiance. Their faith in the swaying line is unshakable; and so, I am sure, it should be.

The Newspaper Habit

Humorous artists have illustrated Gotha Neck-Crick, Dug-out Back, Communiqué Cold Feet, and other alarming deformities afflicting the stay-at-home student of the war, but I have yet to see any pictures illustrating quite as grave a malady—the newspaper habit. It is safe to say that at no previous period have we bought so many speshuls as in the last six months. Canny fellows who before the war restricted their paper-purchases to the three journals issued from the offices of The Bystander, plus a penny evening paper on the days they came to town, are now to be observed avidly buying every edition of everything.

Snowed Under

One sees them in the train, like languid understudies of the gentleman in the Laocoon arrangement, all but snowed-under with a mass of news, They reach their domestic stations absolutely smothered with speshuls, and the servants attached to their households have never known such times. This, if not sad, is very strange. A more than usually staggering disciple of Mr. Holt Schooling has estimated that the London-frequenting person's immunity from damage by Gothas is due entirely to his being loosely



The Crown Prince: "I wonder if I won another victory yesterday"

swathed in newspapers from the time he steps nimbly from his bath until that at which he sinks exhausted on his couch. Aforetime the paper-picker, the sorter of waste-paper, was a sort of also-ran in the directory list of weird professions or trades. To-day, the man who buys waste-paper is a top-liner. In fact the redoubtable Kelly is said to be contemplating a Directory of Waste-Paper Merchants.

Things that Don't

I AM keeping a little note-book especially to record the stupendous happenings which go off at half-cock, the trying occurrences which never occurred. Irish Home Rule, ditto Conscription, the Luxury Tax, the Queueing-up in Newgate Street of the Forty-Seven Thousand (*not* to be confused with Trelawny's friends, by the by!)—all these things were announced as just-a-going to begin, and those who were against them were just as angry as those who were for them were pleased. Members of either faction strode about the land saying: "Didn't I say so? Didn't I tell you, by Jove?" There were quite unsubdued chortles, or gnashings of teeth, according to the tastes and fancies of the hearer of rumours, and the world wagged most distractingly.

Ridiculus Mus

YET not even a clockwork mouse emerged from the mountain of rather premature lamentation, or celebration; and one could say, time after time, "Sold again, by Jingo!" Very unsettling, all this. If I were quite sure of the pronunciation—I have verified the spelling!—I should say "*Voyez! Ce canard était deja quelquechose! C'est la guerre, vous savez!*" As I am not, I will echo the remark, on a famous occasion, of the President of the Pickwick Club. "I was ruminating," said Mr. Pickwick, "on the strange mutability of human affairs." They certainly are mutable of late.

Guarding the Ports

I HEAR that really wonderful precautions are being taken—and, indeed, have been for some time—to make sure of the *bona fides* of entrants into England. The system of scrutiny has been reduced to a fine art. This reflects great credit on a hard-working and absolutely unadvertised body of public servants. If only similar measures could be adopted to sift out the dwellers in our midst—as quite easily might be done—it would be all to the good.

Enemy Propaganda

IS the enemy getting a show for the vast sums being spent on propaganda in the United Kingdom? I cannot see where it comes in. Certainly not in newspapers or magazines, nor, indeed, in leaflets. The picture palaces and theatres are closed to the same class of effort, and really no places are open but the House of Commons, pulpits, and Law Courts. In neither the first nor second—cranks apart—are its prospects rosy, so we may look for activities before the judges. There is nothing easier than to bring a case, and one's evidence can be mixed to one's liking. Once in court, the Press will do the rest.

THE HUN SEES "RED"

Taxing the Taxi-men

MANY who have suffered at the hands—or tongues—of the London taxi-drivers will chuckle to hear that they have at last fallen under the grip of the income-tax collector. Another privileged class's interests rudely assaulted—for the benefit of the community! Without the formality of the usual buff form for declaration of income, the drivers have been assessed, straight away, at an income of £182 per annum, and requested to pay accordingly. And their advisers have recommended them to pay. As the average taxi-man makes about a pound a day, the assessment does not err on the side of excess. A week's wage towards the war won't hurt him; but I have no doubt that his lamentations will be loud.

A Little Difference of Amount

IF the taxi-men object to paying up, it is, of course, open to them to prove that the assessment is too high by supplying the figures of income for

The Futurist Mirror; or, Painful Reflections

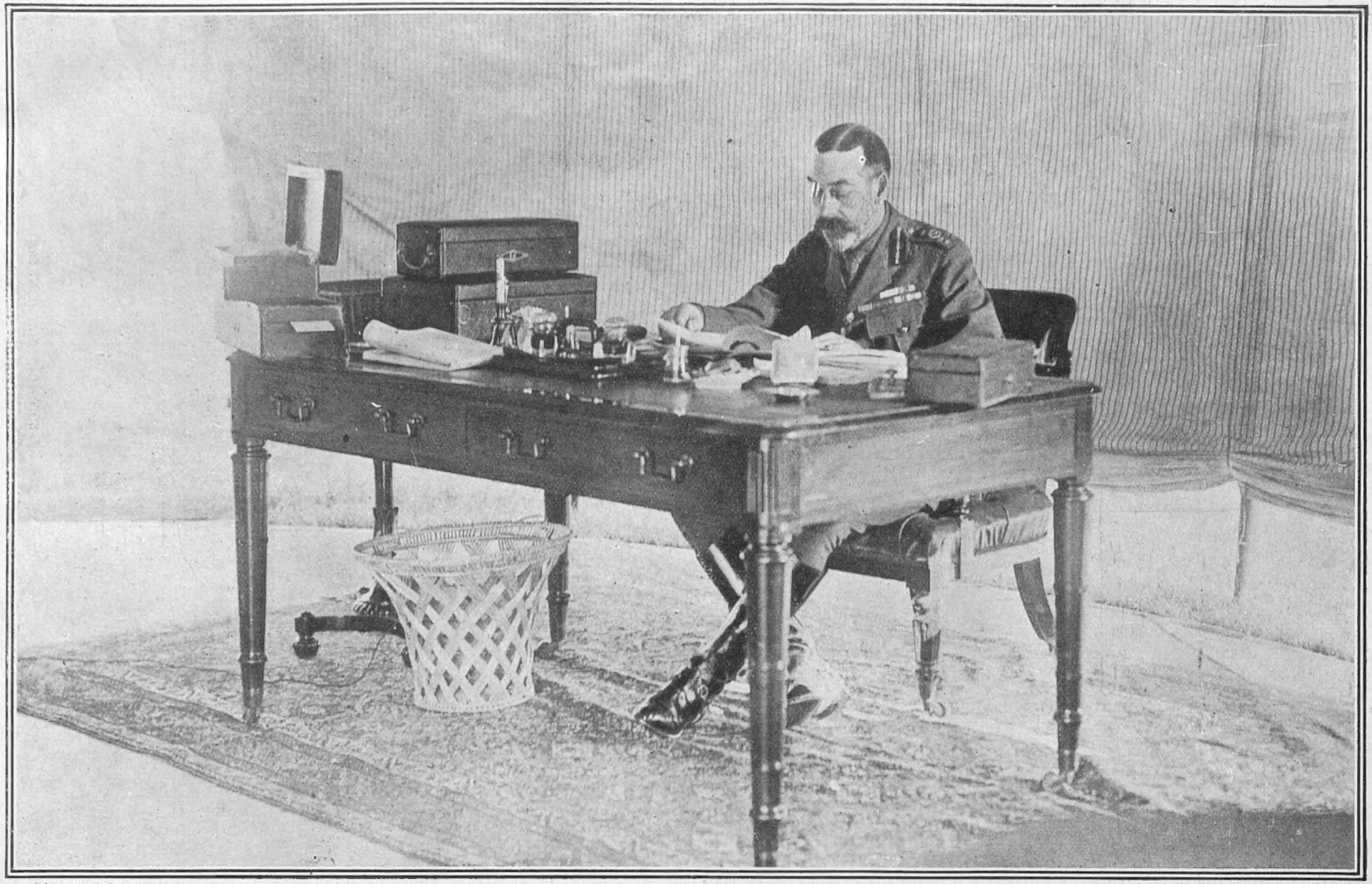
BRITISH LEGAL PROCEDURE: "*That ME?* Well! all I can say is, I must have changed a great deal!"

the previous three years. This few drivers are likely to do—from simple inability to calculate what they really do earn, I mean. I heard of a man who, a strike for a "living wage" being on, insisted that he could not possibly earn more than 25*s*. a week; and shortly afterwards, as the damaged plaintiff in a running-down case, swearing that it was a bad week for him when he only made eight pounds! Still, one can hardly help feeling sorry for these poor fellows. To have to pay up seven pounds odd! Almost as rotten for them as a rocky day's racing!

N.B.—

After June 24, no newspapers—not even The Bystander—will be allowed to conduct their business on the principle of "Sale or Return." This statement may convey little or no meaning to you, so we want to explain exactly how it will affect *you* personally. It means that unless you take the trouble to order your Bystander beforehand, either from the publishers or from your own newsagent, you will stand an excellent chance of not being able to get a copy of the paper at all. You will find the whole issue has been sold out as soon as published—and you'll be left. Which isn't right. And in these days, when you have to go without so many things, to go without The Bystander would be the absolute limit, wouldn't it? So be wise in time, and make sure of your Bystander, which gives you, *and will continue to give you*, a real good shillingsworth for ninepence, by ordering it beforehand. *Beforehand.* In fact, NOW.

The King—as Hard a Worker as any Man in his Kingdom



Photograph by Abrahams *Exclusive to* THE BYSTANDER

Altogether outside his visits to the Fleet, to the Army in the field, to the industrial war-works scattered all over the country, the King has the innumerable ordinary affairs of State to transact. In the summer he does this less showy but equally important part of his work in a tent in the gardens of Buckingham Palace; and our photograph shows him engaged upon it

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"I'm fearfully pleased to get this particular ribbon"

"They've walked off with all the buns in their new mess-kit"

LONDON, *June* 10, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

A SOLDIER man has just written to strafe me because, in one or two of my letters, "some of the bubbles have gone from the champagne, the crispness from the *pâté*." In sending in reply my remorseful regrets for such a lapse, I would like to ask him, does he really think that anyone worth *anything* can possibly have come with cheerfulness quite unscathed through these four years of war? Does he, does anyone, think that all the sacrifice, all the tragedy, all the waste and horror of those days of pain can have left without a scar or a wound men and women of imagination? And though one is sorry if, perhaps, a little of the colour has gone out of life, a little of the unfettered gaiety from one's pen, I don't think I want to belong to that strange, soulless company who speak and even *are* just as they were before the world was out of gear.

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EVEN if they have not lost in the great holocaust of all our seven battle-fronts anyone of their own, don't these people catch at least the echo of all the tears that fall in all the world? And are the poor forgotten dead for them so very dead? I'd rather feel, wouldn't you, how

Around me, when I wake or sleep,
Men strange to me their vigils keep.
. . . . . .
Their faces I shall never know,
Like sentinels they come and go,
In grateful love I bow the knee
For nameless men who die for me.

FROM grave to gay—not *quite* such a scream as usual, I think, the Birthday Honours that kept on coming out last week. Or perhaps it made a difference being told what the honoured were honoured for. Also, most of them were, of course, war honours, so we were largely spared the usual motley spectacle of impossible politicians and impossibler *commerçants* being turned into impossiblest peers and barts. and knights and things for possible (but quite unknown) virtues.

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FOR the rest, from the conversational point of view, the most chat was about those young men who, though exempted, have been decorated; and when one thinks of the hourly, daily, all-the-time heroism and self-sacrifice and ardour of every single one of those soldiers of the line, men and officers, who go unrewarded and undecorated, one *is* perhaps a little inclined to think with *The Times*, that, though these home-stayers' services may be invaluable, "the privilege of rendering them should be sufficient."

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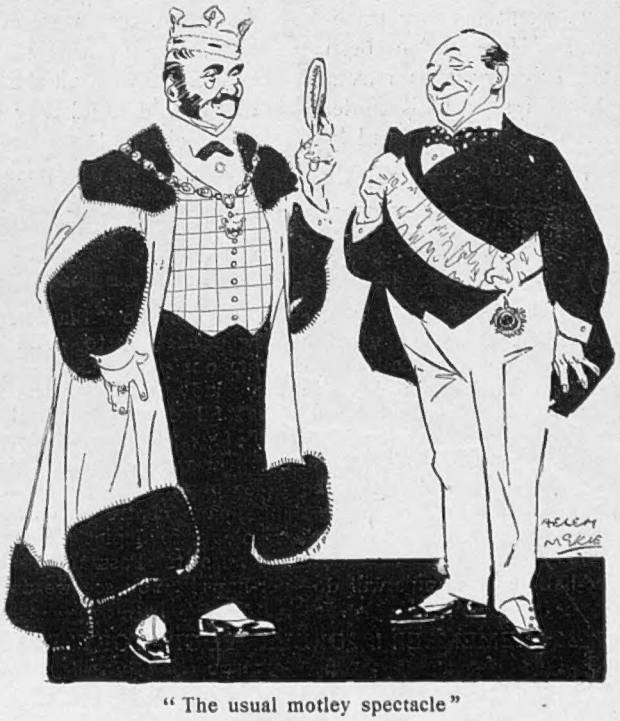
THE face of England (for some of us) really did undergo a drastic war change when they turned down the waiters at the Savoy last week, and put there females instead. Somehow one had thought even the war could never bring us to such a pass that there were no waiters left to administer to subs., and soubrettes, and actor-managers, and leading ladies their potions and such nourishment as war-time means permit. It's a *norful* war, isn't it? But dressy. The damsels of the Savoy are so *very chic* in brown and gold that they positively outshine their patronesses. In fact, "I *hate* women waiters!" a fluffy young thing's just confided to me. "Men *are* so silly about them."



"The usual motley spectacle"

WELL, perhaps; but not *only* about waitresses, fortunately. For instance, what of this that's just now reached me from the seat of war?

O Blanchie! Hast thou ever in distress,
When Khaki begins to gather round and press
Its war-worn feet upon thy dainty dress,
Blushed at the praise of thine own loveliness?

Or gently shrinking, like a startled fawn,
Wishing that cavaliers had ne'er been born
To clasp thy sylph-like waist in love's own vice,
And as you gasp for breath produce an ice.

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AND lots more just like that. This—er—poet is always so deliciously Victorian—that's what I like about him, don't you? Blushing and shrinking and gasping. Startled fawns and sylph-like waists. Might be back in the days of Jane Austen, or some-

"We're all simply mad about it"

one, mightn't we? Alas! that these shyly slithery damsels are deader than the dodo! For, you know, I *really* think men *rather* like them.

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TALKING of love, "*do* air a moan I've got, dear Blanche," writes a very youthful one of those most susceptible of all men, a Senior Service warrior. "I'm told that *we*, the Navy, won't get any prize-money. Isn't it scandalous? Here we've been nearly four years keeping the submerged Hun from the happy home, bagging his ships and his trade, and now our one hope has left us, has been rudely snatched away, and the only people to benefit by our exertions are the lawyers—taken *two millions* in fees, etc, already they have, so I'm told.

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"WE'RE all simply mad about it. I was just counting on my portion to use as a dazzling bait to trap some delightful young thing into matrimony with me, and now I'm absolutely 'fineesh.'"

卐 卐

I'M sure the Sea Lords can't know about this, what? I mean, when husbands are the nation's crying need, are we to lose not only a willing but an anxious one like this? Now that he is not only a C.M.G. and M.V.O., *but* a Knight Grand Cross of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, one feels one may with confidence commend the matter to the careful consideration of Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss.

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BY the way, my very last, but not least welcome, gar——, I mean cap-ribbon, comes from "a little ship that has borne your name through the battle and the breeze for now close upon four strenuous years." And her pathetic message is—"From one woman to another to say: Think sometimes of your sister as she paces beyond the coastline of England, many thousands of miles each weary year, bearing your name and carrying some hundreds of simple sailor-men, who only wish they could do more to bring happiness and comfort to all of you in England now. Your affectionate sister, B x x x x x x."

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I'M just simply fearfully pleased to get this particular ribbon, though I'm always glad, of course, to have them all; and like the man who wished there were only lips for all his kisses, I often wish *I* could wear *all* my—er—cap-ribbons.

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REMINDS me, some bhoys, the Air Force, getting their own special decorations, and having no truck with those of any of the poor old elder Services, what? But then, they were ever the children to put things high, weren't they? And oh! but they've simply walked off with all the buns in their new mess dress, so I'm told. And they used to say men didn't worry about clothes!

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

"The Bystander" Summer Number.

WAR or no War, rations or no rations, "Black Book" or no "Black Book," we have determined to publish our Summer Number as usual, and, what's more, to publish it next week, before the Summer's all gone. And nothing shall turn us from our purpose.

For the river or the sea-side, for the deck-chair in the shady garden or the Chesterfield in the drawing-room, THE BYSTANDER Summer Number will be a delightful companion. All our artists have specially spread themselves to make it a success, and it will be full of good jokes in black-and-white and colour. There will, of course, be a Bairnsfather, in which Old Bill will appear with entirely new scenery and effects. There will be—but if I began to tell you I should never be able to stop. But one thing I must tell you. The Summer Number will contain an absolutely unique double-page centre (in colour) in which no fewer than five of the chief BYSTANDER artists have combined their talents to depict a remarkable incident in the life of an Historic Character! Look out for it. Be sure don't miss it. Pass along the car, please. Have your ninepence ready. Six three-halfpenny stamps will do—per-haps! You see we are not raising the price. Not *this* "Season"!

NEXT WEEK, REMEMBER! ORDER YOUR COPY BEFOREHAND!

The best Shillingsworth for Ninepence ever produced

Almost Like Old Times—

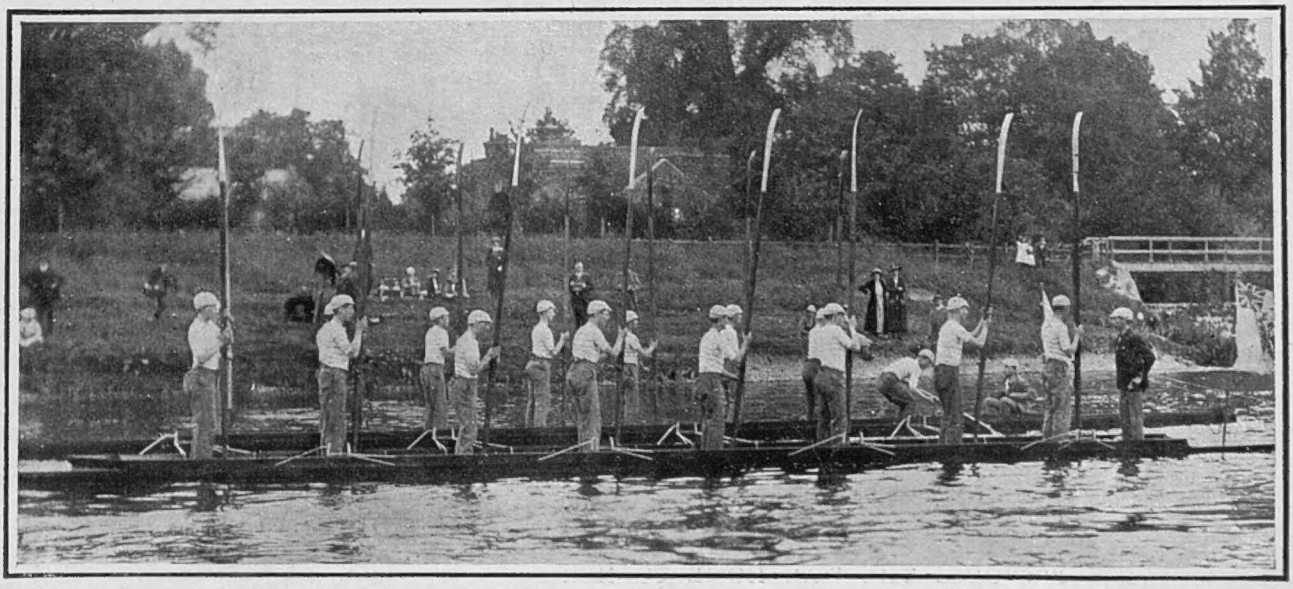
THE DERBY (BUT AT NEWMARKET): AND THE FOURTH OF JUNE—STILL AT ETON

GAINSBOROUGH (THE DERBY WINNER) PASSING THE POST

LEADING THE WINNER TO THE PADDOCK AFTER THE RACE

LORD LONSDALE CONGRATULATING LADY JAMES DOUGLAS

The owner of Gainsborough. But where, oh! where, is his old-time cigar?



THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON—THE PROCESSION OF BOATS

The river was busy, but the day's cricket was confined entirely to house-matches

A Very Sly Dog

BY THE OLD GUARD

WE desire it to be understood distinctly that we write these burning lines in the public interest. Although our story may appear at first sight to be merely the recital of a cheap, personal wrong, we claim for it that it is nothing short of the awful revelation of a grave public scandal which, but for the lynx-eyed watchfulness of our good self, might be limitless in its sinister influence. We should scorn to thrust our poor private grievances vulgarly upon our friends the public, and but for the fact that we regard this matter as one of national importance, we should have held our peace upon it. We beg indulgence for our plaintive tale here unfolded.

❀

A SHORT while since, on returning to the suburb which we grace with our presence as a distinguished resident, we found reposing on our doorstep a mean-looking dog. It had the appearance of being a cross between all the known and unknown breeds of dogs; and the fact that it was apparently friendless and alone in the cold, hard world did not, accordingly, surprise us. We therefore prodded the conglomerate creature with our foot, and begged that it would use some other person's premises for its rest camp.

❀

THE dog listened respectfully to our remarks, and then bowed politely, as though admitting that our case was irrefutable. It then settled down on its haunches, with its paws dangling pathetically in the air, and looked at us earnestly, while great tears welled up into its eyes and streamed down its furrowed cheeks. We are not ashamed to say that we were not man enough to resist this artful appeal to our emotions. We opened our door and bade them bring such food as could be spared for the poor dumb thing, and we stood by, ready to direct it on its way as soon as it should have eaten to repletion. In a moment of lax watchfulness on our part, however, the wily creature brushed past us, and having entrenched itself behind the umbrella stand proceeded leisurely to dig itself in. On the following morning we packed the animal off; but within ten minutes it was back again, and showed such evidences of sheer delight at being with us once again that we decided to give it a home for a while. It is so rarely that anybody or anything seems to take an abiding joy in our company that we found the novel experience refreshing. Our vanity was touched, and we fell.

❀

A FEW days later a strange person called upon us, and apologised for his intrusion by announcing that he represented some obscure department of His Majesty's Inland Revenue. Speaking in the most general and impersonal way, he said that there were ungentle people about who were graceless enough to keep dogs without holding the proper licence for that privilege, and although the detail could not, of course, interest us personally, it was an undoubted fact that the Government were in the habit of imposing a penalty upon individuals who were so dead to a sense of shame as to neglect their obvious duty as law-abiding citizens in this respect. And after adding a polite and pious wish for our continued good health, he bowed himself out of our presence.

❀

AS we pride ourself on our national and civic patriotism, we duly procured the necessary licence, feeling that in this bit of hybrid canine jetsam we had found a kindred soul, to which our own went out in fraternal affection. And that night the mongrel thing—that had, as it were, broken bread and taken salt with us—shook the dust of our place from its misshapen feet and vanished into space. We have not seen it since.

❀

WE have now considered this singular happening very carefully, and are satisfied that we have arrived at a complete solution of the mystery. It is clear to us that the Government, being short of money, has resorted to this wretched subterfuge to raise the wind. We have no doubt whatever that the Government spend their spare time in adroitly training these dogs to lure foolishly humane citizens into the payment of a tax the liability for which they have not incurred. The dogs appear to be of unusual intelligence, and, apparently, as soon as they are satisfied that they have landed their gudgeon, they pass on to the next victim, apprising the Inland Revenue of their progress by a special bark, which is doubtless licked into them in the course of their training. We have had our eye on this Government for a long while; and now we have the rascals on the hip!

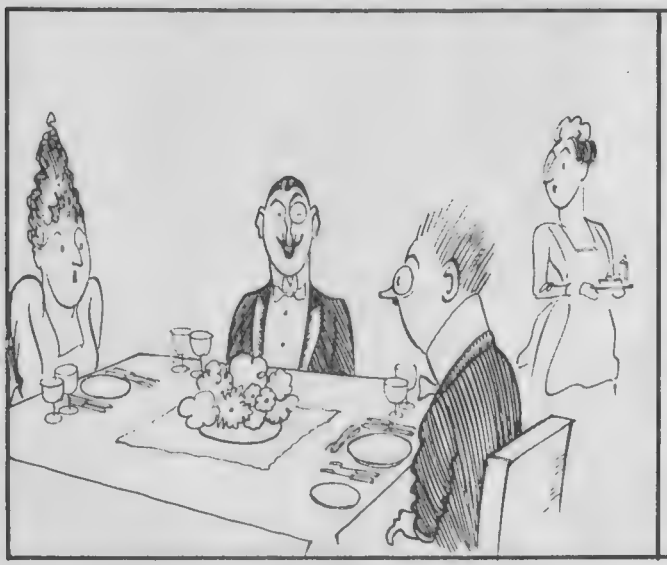
BRINGING THE WAR HOME TO HER

SHOPKEEPER: "I see the Germans say they've captured one of our Tanks"
OLD LADY: "Good gracious! I 'ope it ain't that one as I put all my money in"

Why Aren't They in the Honours List?

"Pardon me, sir. Will you oblige me with a light?"

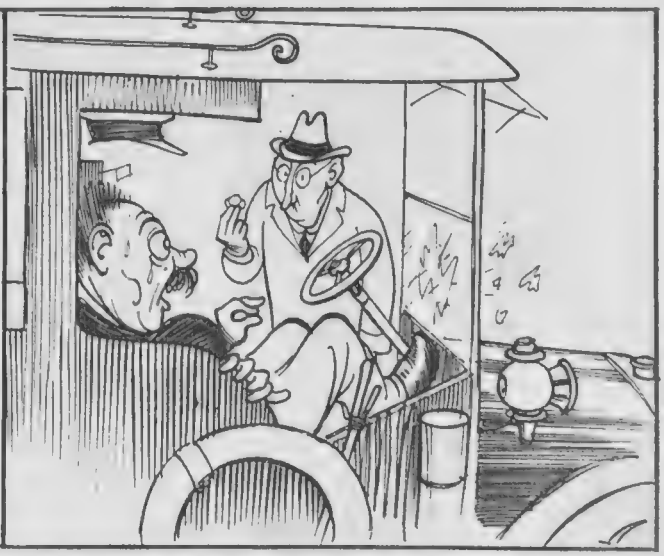
"Lump sugar! What a treat!—*three* lumps, please!"



"My doctor says I need toning up, and tells me to do myself as well as possible"

"Very well; if you will wrap it up in *two* sheets of *brown* paper I will take it with me"

"Will you direct me to the Municipal Buildings, please?"



"Here is your legal fare—fourpence extra to which you are entitled by Act of Parliament—and twopence for yourself"

CIVILIAN HEROES OF THE GREAT WAR

Le Dernier Cri de Paris— In the Bois

In early summer the feminine mind reverts insensibly to Paris fashions. The Bois has, despite the nearer echoes of war, been, as ever, the great exhibition-ground of all the charming novelties in style, and our photographs will give Englishwomen an insight into the modes that are delighting their French sisters

The Bystander in Paris

THE SIMPLER LIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"To make the flirtations at the tennis"

MES AMIS—

IT was a very clever man—a professor of Oxford—who said to me once: "England has principles, but France has her philosophy and faith." And it is now I think often how it is we have need to be philosophers—the very wise philosophers, who make their way of living to the way they must.

*

BEFORE the war it was our philosophy to make the money, to save a little, and to enjoy very much what of it we could spend. It was also our philosophy that the youth and the love were to be enjoyed and that life was not a misery.

*

WHEN the war arrived we made such a little change in our philosophy. The war was a *Vendredi maigre*—a *carême*. One must not so much amuse oneself, but the life was just the same, and there would be the fête of a so great *Mardi gras* when the victory was to us and our Allies.

*

AND we went on to have as much as was our possible of the amusements of before. But now it is changed. All the world has a new philosophy—to lead, what you say, the simple life. One cannot any more spend a *grasse matinée* to lie in bed, because the fat Bertha wakens us so early, but, all the same, one makes a virtue of to get up.

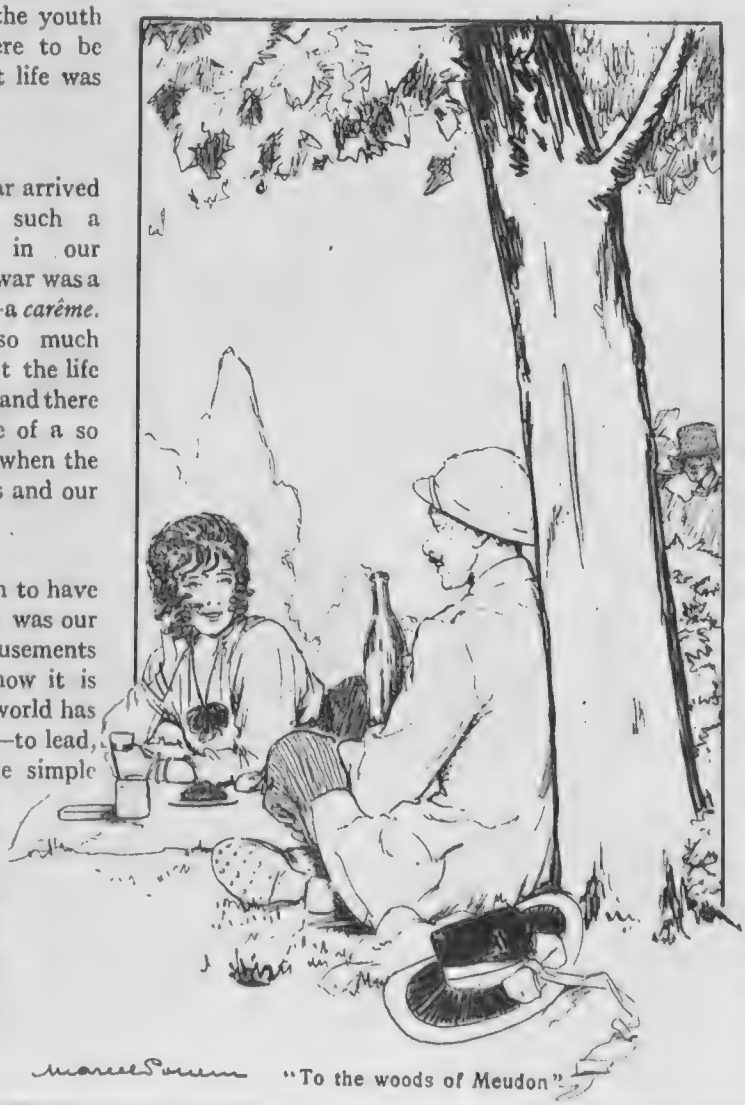
IT is sometimes I think how if there had not been the war of those imbecile Boche, there would this year have been so extravagant fêtes. For so many weeks there has been the beautiful weather and how it would have been magnificent, the Bois at the hour of the return from the races. But instead it is of such a simplicity the life of the Bois as the life *partout*.

*

THERE are only the motor cars of the military which are allowed to circulate, and it is for us hard to see the so important young lieutenants of twenty years who can pass the *gendarme* when we must all go *à pied* or in a *voiture*, of which the *cocher* is a great profiteer. In the Avenue des Acacias there are not any more the magnificent toilettes, but only so simple *tailleurs*; and it is, as Lucile says, the mode of the hats is so modest that one can say it does not any more exist.

*

IT is the life of the family of which everyone makes practice. To sit in a party in the Avenue du Bois in the evening altogether, to go to the cinema, or to make a little picnic to the woods of Meudon where the Bertha does not disturb—these are our amusements. It is the life of the open air we lead and the so domestic virtue. There are only the *jeunes gens* of the class of next year to make the



"To the woods of Meudon"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded)

"The old gentleman and the American officer"

flirtation at the tennis. But for them the philosophy is different. They are of the idea that it will very soon arrive for them the war, and it is most wise to study to enjoy the moments of the present.

*

THERE are also others who go to the Bois—the wounded and the *récuperés*, who sit so quiet or talk together, that one wonders what it is the secret of those men who have fought that they speak among themselves but not to others. Of all our simple philosophers, I think it is that they are the most simple of the heart. It is best they love to take a boat and row on the *lac* and to talk—but it is not always with their comrades of arms that they row, and, *qui sait* that it is always M. Toubib who make the best cure.

*

IT was when Lucile and I were making our study with M. Marcel of the so simple life of the Bois, to write to you how we pass the time in waiting the final of the battle, that we had so strange chance to hear the conversation of the old gentleman and the American officer who had our same thoughts. They were stopped to regard how the people were all having their conversation and the *poilus* rowed themselves on the lake, when the old gentleman made his philosophy.

"THE life," he said, "becomes again for the moment more simple as of our ancestors." But Monsieur the American was wishing to make an argument. He pointed the finger where there were two aeroplanes which flew so strong in the blue sky to the battle. "Our ancestors did not have that," he said. "We have made progress."

FOR a two minutes the old gentleman watched the so imposing flight of the *cigognes*. "Progress?" he said. "No, monsieur, I think not. We have changed the methods to kill, but is it that the heart of the aviator is so different? I think very sure that it is not. He has the same heart of a soldier and of a lover as the crusader and it is now the moment when all this French people are of a simple spirit and manners. In two years—in a year, perhaps, if there is peace——" But we did not hear more of the philosophy of the old gentleman as he went on his walk along the lake.

*

PERHAPS it is, as he said, true that it is only for one moment that we are so pleased to lead the simple life. It was so when I was a little girl. I was so happy to be good—much happier than to be bad—but it never lasted very long.

*

AND, *mes amis*, though we so practise the life of the virtues and the little pleasures, it is not true, as someone writes to me from England to ask, that we keep the rabbits and the chickens in hutches in our salons to eat them on the *jours sans viande*.

Your friend, AGNÈS

P.S.—I have inquired and I do not discover that anyone wishes long to continue so virtuous.

"The so important young lieutenant"

The Face at the Window

THE OWNER OF THE FACE: "Bairnsfather, me lad, I'm goin' ter get a bit 'o' my own back on yer at last!"

(Though M. Marcel Poncin and Capt. Bairnsfather have, we understand, met in Paris, we have every reason to think that the French artist, in depicting the way in which "Old Bill's" creator puts in his time on leave, is drawing—entirely on his imagination.—EDITOR)

"Somewhere in France"

BOTULISM

My Dear Bystander—

I know all about botulism, the new disease the papers are so full of just now. I have it in its most aggravated form, and I attribute my state of health entirely to the military authorities in my area. Without any provocation whatever from me they coolly and deliberately issued an order that every W.O., N.C.O., and man in this area with a knowledge of the French language, should report to my office for the purpose of undergoing a test in efficiency.

Can you conceive, my dear Bystander, any W.O., N.C.O., or man in the British Army willing to admit that he was *without* "a knowledge of the French language"? It is like asking a monkey if it is fond of nuts.

My first impression on approaching the office in the morning was that peace had been declared, and that the entire British Army had come to let me know about it in case I hadn't heard; rarely have I observed Military Policemen perspire with greater freedom. A kind of intuition told me that these were candidates for the test in efficiency.

Cutting my way through the whole battalion, I rushed up the stairs, and, adjusting a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez borrowed for the occasion, I became at once the stern, inflexible examiner. I have always held the opinion that human intercourse cannot be said to have reached its highest development so long as it remains confined to monotonous interrogation on the one side, and monosyllabic rejoinders on the other; but I find that Thomas does not share this view.

He is perfectly content to give a straight answer to a straight question—"*Oui, oui,*" or "No, Monsoor," as the case may be—and leave it at that. He believes in deeds, not talk, and all honour to him; though, from the point of view of the hard-faced examiner, one could almost wish that for once he would relax his iron principles. For there comes a moment, just after about the twentieth query has met with the inevitable terse rejoinder, when a sudden blank and aching silence descends upon the room; and candidate and examiner, instead of by this time revelling in a delightful heart-to-heart intimacy, stand and regard each other with mutual suspicion and dismay. It then only remains to throw the ink over the man before you and burst into a flood of scalding tears.

But then there is a brighter side as well. There is the cheery category of candidate, whom nothing can submerge. I had two of them. They came in together, to give each other moral support, saluted, and falling into an immediate trance waited for the ordeal to begin.

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER
A snapshot by an American officer "Somewhere in France"

"Where did you learn French?" I asked them in the lingo.

"Oui, Monsoor," they replied in unison.

"Where did you learn French?" I repeated in a slightly louder key.

"Oui, Monsoor," came the ready response.

"*Où—avez-vous—appris—la—langue?*" I bellowed at the top of my voice.

And once again came the melodious chant, "Oui, Monsoor," breathed with a husky determination under trying circumstances that in more chivalrous times would have earned our immediate pardon.

"Look here!" I said. "What the devil do you two men mean by coming here and wasting my time pretending you can talk French? What do you mean by it?"

A slow smile illuminated the wooden features of the men before me.

"Well, sir," explained the spokesman, "thinking as how we'd like an afternoon in the town we told our officer as how we could speak French fluent. He give us the afternoon off to be examined and we're going on to see the pictures now—ain't we, Alf?"

"That's a fac'!" confirmed Alf heartily.

And they left rejoicing.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

Vindictive, eh?

PASSED BY CENSOR

"I wonder what they'll do with Old Bill when the war's over, Bert?"
"I dunno; 'ave 'im filled with concrete and sunk somewhere, I expect"

The Pools

A derelict Tank in that abomination of desolation known as the Somme battle area. Pools
rubbish-heap of war. This is what the Hun has

s of Silence

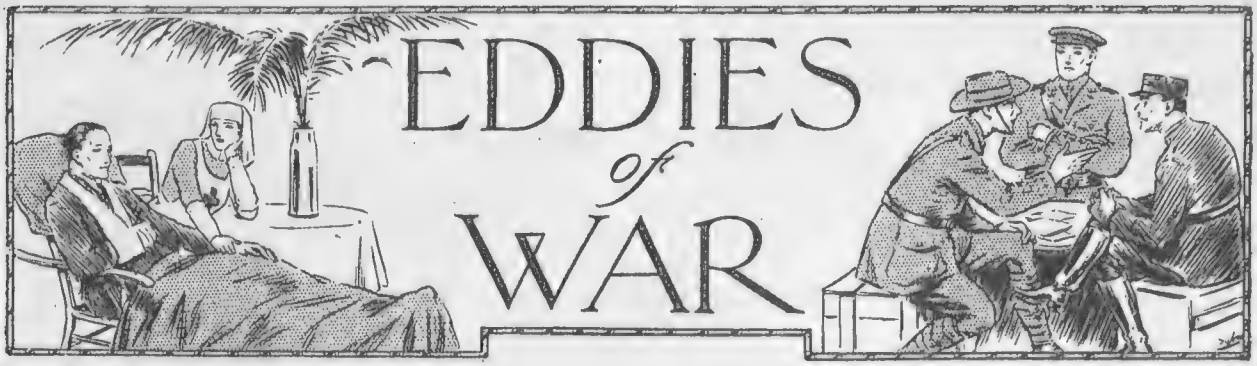
Canadian Official

of muddy water and heaps of watery mud form the sole feature for miles and miles of this made of France. Supposing it had been England ?

The Luxury Board

PASSED BY CENSOR

"The Board will not keep you a minute, sir; in the meantime pray take some refreshment"



"YOU'VE LET US DOWN." BY DELL LEIGH

A WEAK gleam of sun struggled through the dirt of the board-room windows, and lit up for a moment the green baize cloth covering the large mahogany table. Jarvis had just spoken again. "You've let us down," he repeated for the fourth time. He kept on saying this monotonously, in a strained voice, as if by so doing some of that which had been lost could be retrieved. And Leeder sat facing his three accusers. Not in his accustomed place, but apart, further down the table, in his soiled uniform; his right hand clutching the cloth, and his haggard eyes travelling listlessly from face to face, as each of his three partners pieced together the charge against him. He noticed, in a dull, detached way, how curiously these three men differed, as the recital of their losses was unfolded by Jarvis. Jarvis it was who had convened the meeting, and had evidently arranged with much difficulty at the War Office for the defaulting partner to be brought home for three days, "on pressing affairs for the firm." He was the only one of the four men present who seemed to retain any poise, and he was the heaviest loser. Taylor, short, thick-set, red of face, and oozing commercial prosperity, had attacked the soldier with virulent, acid abuse, as he entered the room. "You dirty dog, you . . ." he had begun, and followed this by a string of epithets, ending, when his breath failed, with an exhortation to the other two for immediate publicity and prosecution. Roberts, the thin, studious man, who grew roses at Redhill, and seldom made a loss in the City (he still used the big limousine for "Red Cross" work), had passed from cold contempt to ashy-faced fright as the knots of figures, all on the wrong side, were unravelled by Jarvis.

"What?" he had almost screamed, when the long list had been cast and checked, "twenty-seven thousand pounds, but we can't hold up against ——" and catching the steady eye of Jarvis he stopped, and fell to breaking a penholder between shaking fingers.

Taylor mumbled incoherencies of hate against hoodwinked auditors; and then a silence fell, broken by the pained voice of Jarvis.

"You've let us down, Leeder, badly—irretrievably. What have you to say?"

The defaulting partner fought desperately within himself for speech. He was deadly tired. These sleek-clothed City men knew nothing of the strain he had been through a bare forty-eight hours ago; in a front-line trench. There had been no sleep since . . . . He loosened the collar of his tunic, a private soldier's tunic, gazed with unseeing eyes at the board-room clock, and spoke, carefully and very slowly.

After all, they were children in his hands as regards all these most intricate transactions. His was the brain for the underwriting of capital issues. They had left everything to him, and had merely provided the money. A genius at this class of business, he could "smell a market in his sleep"—Taylor's own words, two years ago, after the highly successful flotation of the Trans-Alsatian Trust. He had no need of reference to the confused heap of documents which lay accusingly on the table. He had the figures.

PASSED BY CENSOR

"What did they give yer mate—C 3?"
"No—see France!"

"EDDIES OF WAR" (*concluded*)

every one neatly tabulated and cross-indexed in his tired brain. He felt himself explaining carefully, kindergarten-wise, to the listening trio, how it had come about. How this block of shares had held up that; and how pieces had been moved and counter-moved on the chess-board of finance. He felt listlessly that even now, condemned as he was, his erstwhile colleagues marvelled at his memory, and followed him only with difficulty and tense faces in the maze of markets through which he led them. They had taken him suddenly; and his unerring hands had been removed from the edifice he was holding up for them. Unwise, yes; crooked, if they liked; disastrous, certainly. But they had been given fat and unfailing profits over a long period; and he couldn't gamble with the market of military service.

He spoke for three-quarters of an hour, drinking great gulps of water.

They nodded him to go—a prisoner leaving the dock. Jarvis had intimated that they would not proceed against him. "What was the good? Better close the book." But as he turned at the door he looked at Jarvis, whose lips again seemed to him to frame the unspoken words: "You've let us down." He stumbled into the crowded City street, and every passer-by had the pained look that was in Jarvis's eyes, and all their lips moved to utter the same dread sentence.

. . . . . .

"'*Ere*, 'old 'ard, where y'goin' to, you damned fool? Git *down!*" A sergeant lifted himself up from the shell-hole in which he was crouching, and shouted again at the solitary figure, who was staggering towards their machine guns, dragging a rifle by the sling, the butt bumping about his heels.

The figure turned at the commanding voice. It gazed vacantly at the sergeant, and its lips murmured plaintively: "But I let them down, you see." Then it walked unsteadily forward again.

"Gawd!" muttered the sergeant. "There's another one gorn an' perished 'isself!"

Lines Addressed to the Only Other Captain Left in the B. E. F.

One hesitates to talk like this,
But still—one must be frank.
Ridiculous tho' it may seem,
The British Army used to teem
With those of humble rank.

Captains, and even Subalterns
Were thick as autumn leaves
And even on the L. of C.
Were heaps of chaps like you and me
With stars upon their sleeves.

A Major *was* a Major then—
A veteran of war—
A being whose vermilion nose
And massive white mustachios
Inspired a dreadful awe.

Colonels were most impressive things,
And very, very rare;
And when one saw a General pass
One rubbed one's forehead in the grass,
And offered up a prayer.

And no one in his senses dreamed
That any normal man—
However hard he tried to please—
Could be arrayed like one of these,
Unless he toiled and span.

A Golden Age. But nowadays
You hardly ever strike
A home so humble but it boasts
Of having given birth to hosts
Of Majors and the like.

Of every colour, shape and size—
From stern old-fashioned brutes
To bright and beardless boys—one meets
Them everywhere about the streets
Soliciting salutes.

And many grey and warworn men
Are very much depressed
At being targets for the damns
Of Majors in their little prams
And Colonels at the breast.

It seems, however, that unless
Your rank (and pay) are high
You cannot possibly obtain
The fullest value from your brain—
Tho' Heaven alone knows why!

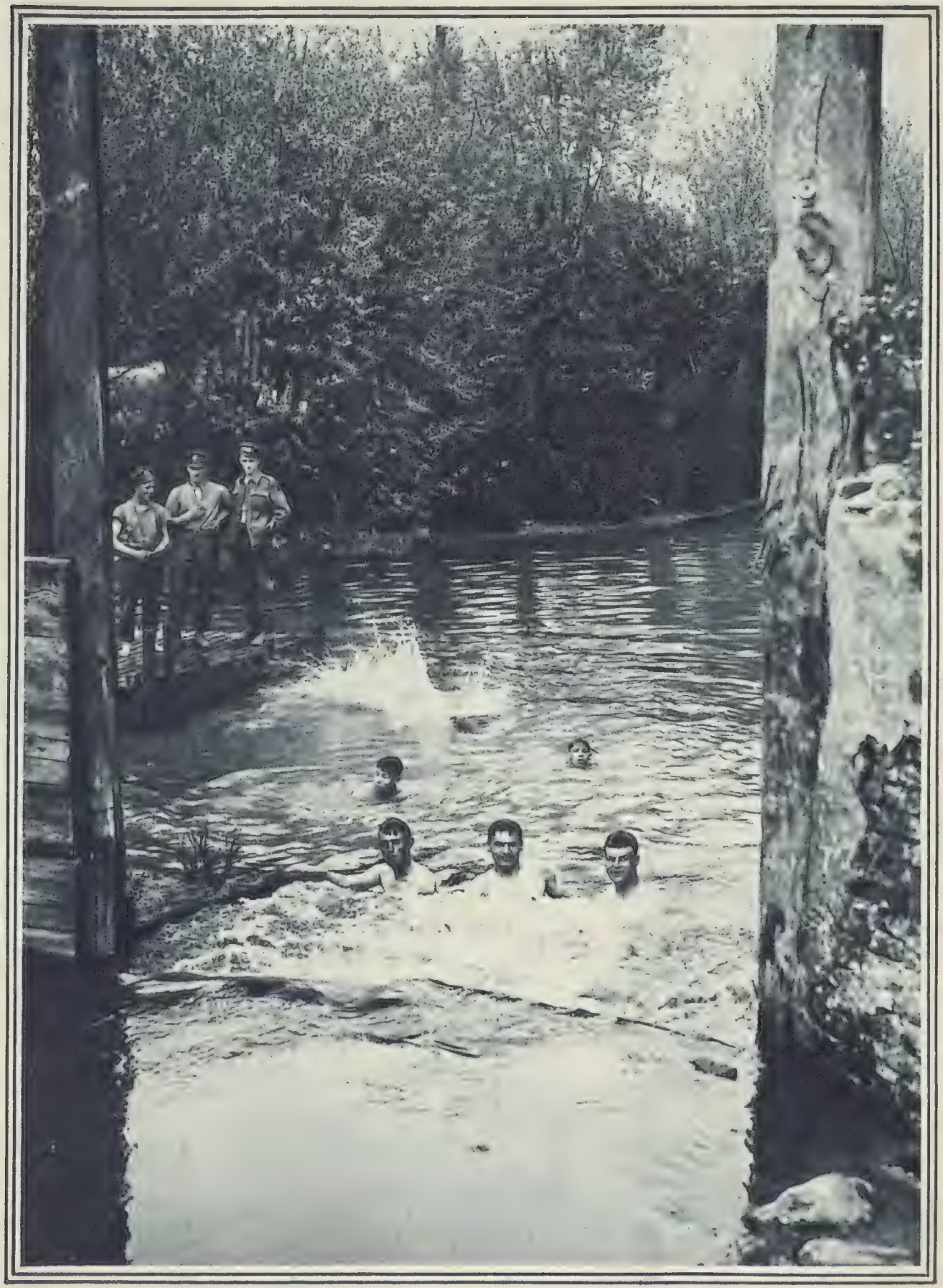
And (as the meanest mind could see
If it was in their boots)—
For Nabobs who are "thinking big"
It must be *very* infra dig.
To live with Capts. and Lieuts.

But there is nothing here for tears
For one who really thinks!
We two inevitably will
Be used by history to fill
The rôle of Missing Links.

A Noble Destiny—and so
Why be at all cast down?
Take courage; and with me believe
That most uneasy lies the sleeve
That wears a worsted crown.

CHEVRON.

"In the Dark Pool Below the Fall"



Canadian War Records

A welcome relief from the dust and heat of the battle line is being enjoyed by these Canadian soldiers on the Western front

ADRIENNE—WHY NOT?

BY CHARLOTTE FRANKLYN

THEY were almost the first words of the English language she had learnt, which is not surprising, for her first instructor, during those early weeks of the refugee rush to Folkestone, had been a flirtatious young subaltern of Kitchener's Army, pleading for kisses. And when she refused, he would insist, repeating with obstinate emphasis:

"Why not, Adrienne?—why not?"

In time they became her own, and their meaning, quickly grasped and assimilated, the coping-stone of her gay philosophy.

Madame Lemercier, when sufficiently roused by her daughter's iconoclastic conduct from her stupor of contemplation of the family misfortunes, would remonstrate.

"To promenade oneself alone with a young man unknown!" she would exclaim with horror-uplifted hands.

"It is the English custom," was Adrienne's calm rejoinder. "I learn the language, so—" with a typically French shrug allied to the foreign phrase—"*après tout*, why not?"

And she certainly picked up the language with extraordinary rapidity, so that, at the end of three months' time, she announced to Madame Lemercier that she had accepted a post as French correspondent in a large Government office.

"But Adrienne, to work in an office! What have you come to? In your position!"

"I shall soon have a better position, dear, when I have some experience," answered Adrienne. "And I will give you each week half my earnings, that we may be independent of the *Comité d'Assistance*. Why not?"

And Madame Lemercier's inborn sense of the practical forbade her a rejoinder.

In her Government office, Adrienne was as a straight young spear of corn amongst poppies. In a *milieu* of multi-coloured *crêpe-de-Chine*-befrilled maidens her severe white tailored shirt with the high collar, and smart black *moiré* bow, was a relief to the harassed male eye. She had, moreover, been well educated, and took and displayed an unusual, and not quite genteel (according to her lady companions), interest in what she wrote and translated.

Markham, the famous variety agent, coming to Kingsway for papers in connection with a forthcoming trip to Paris, waited vainly for attention whilst five young lady denizens of Balham and Tooting tried on in leisured succession one of Messrs. Worne and Collingsworth's latest creations in headgear—"Only 12*s.* 11¾*d.*, my dear!" Adrienne, at the furthest end of the room, watched the comedy awhile with a Frenchwoman's enjoyment; then took pity on Markham. A conversation in her native language ensued. She had read the plays he was going to negotiate for; the names of the playwrights also she had heard.

On his return from Paris, in need of a stenographer, Markham sought out the neat young "dactylographe" in the —— Office; offered her the position, and an increased salary, if she would care to accept it.

"Why not?" shrugged Adrienne, and forsook Kingsway for Shaftesbury Avenue.

So within the next eighteen months she became Markham's right hand, and in that capacity saw much of the "leading lights" (and shadows) of the London stage. Included amongst the former was "Pip," the great Entente revue producer, about to stage a French importation of Markham's. In search of an efficient stenographer to take down notes at rehearsals, "Pip" borrowed Adrienne, who sat in an obscure corner, and watched closely, as "Pip" waxed desperate.

"This calls itself an Anglo-French revue," he wailed to Markham, "and they've got about as much sparkle in them as German champagne!"

"Pip's" *pièce de résistance* was to be a little scene for the great comedian, a dainty, witty little scene, in which, in broadest cockney, he should demonstrate to the little *concierge* of a French establishment the true interpretation of *L'Entente Cordiale*—a delicious little scene, full of finesse, of *esprit*, of Gallic cuteness. The comedian, being that rarity an actor as well, was perfection, the ladies successively engaged to support him utterly insupportable. The English ones endeavoured to be "Frenchy," the French to be blonde and babyish in imitation of the musical comedy idols of England.

Vainly the ample Tiny Tim perspired; vainly "Pip" raved.

"She looks like a smart hôtel clerk, does she not?" he asked with heavy sarcasm of Adrienne, as together they surveyed the latest recruit's elephantine efforts at badinage.

Then, some moments later: "Tim wants a pencil for this business—lend him yours, please, Mademoiselle Lemercier."

Adrienne obediently rose from her obscure corner, walked sedately to the centre of the stage, and with her little ironic smile of the eyes alone, an indescribable "geste," a suggestion of a mocking bow, and a murmured "*Monsieur!*" presented the required article to the great star. "Pip," as he watched her movements in gloomy abstraction, received a sudden inspiration from the gods. That finesse! That *espièglerie!* That Gallic cuteness! That gay insouciance of a Frenchwoman's inimitable walk! When she returned to the corner his eyes were bright.

"Do that again!" he commanded tensely. One of Adrienne's great assets in business, perhaps her greatest, was her gift of silence. With but a slight raising of her straight black brows, she obeyed.

"Read the part!" was "Pip's" next command, and when she had done so: "I engage you to play it, if you will, Mademoiselle?"

"Why not?" thought Adrienne.

But the announcement of her forthcoming début, when she returned that evening to the little flat in Kensington, roused Mme. Lemercier first to anger, then to tears. Adrienne, *actrice*! The *bonne bourgeoise* was in revolt at the thought, and Adrienne

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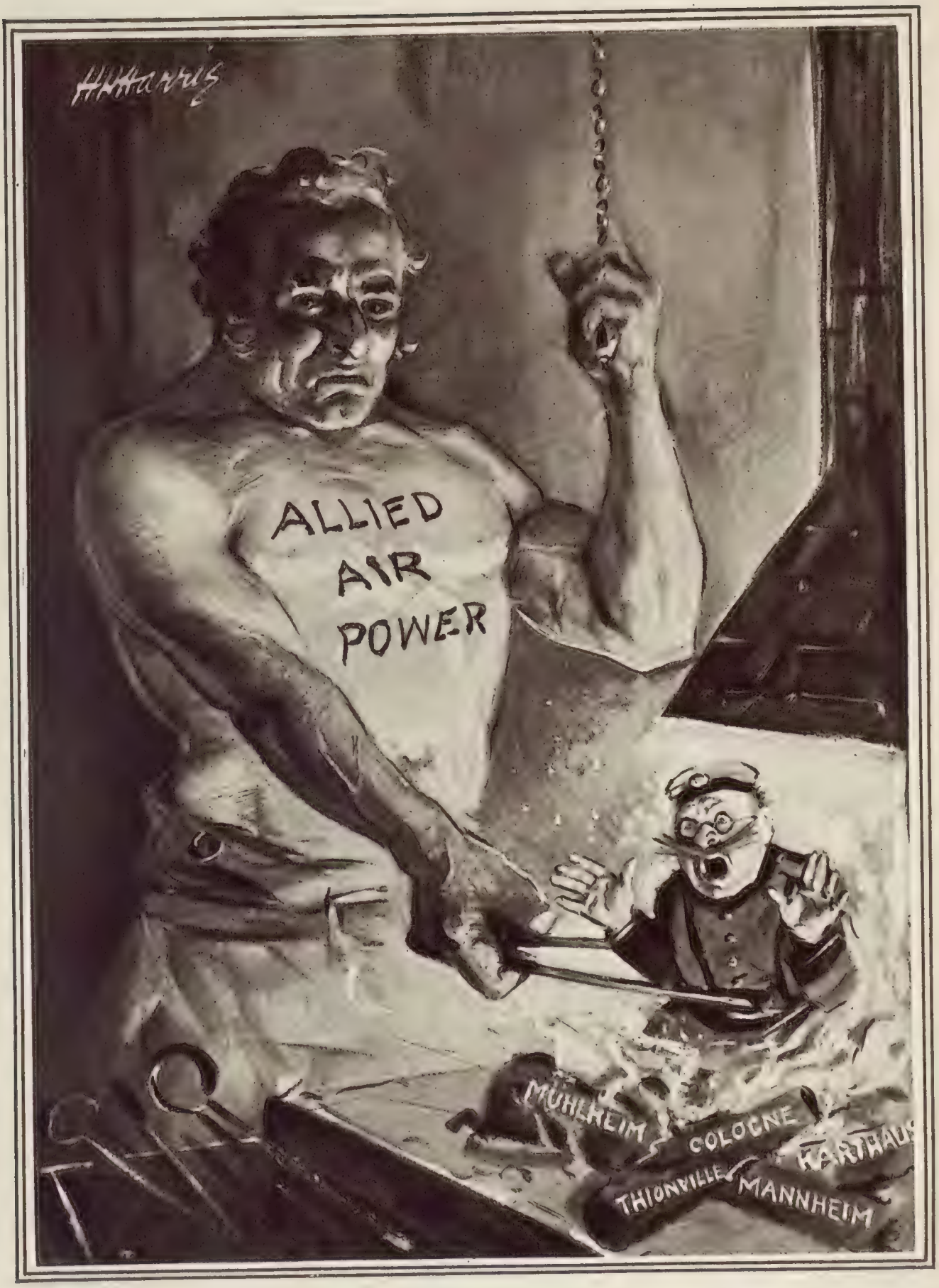
(*Continued on page 470*)



MAKING IT HOT FOR HIM

"ADRIENNE—WHY NOT?" (*concluded*)

needed all her eloquence to convince her that in England actresses were ladies, received in the best society; were, as a class, above typists even in social position.

"*Enfin!*" murmured the unconvinced conscientious objector, "I am no longer surprised at what you do. *C'est la guerre!*" "But promise me," she added emphatically, "by the Virgin, that you will always be good!"

And Adrienne, *bonne Catholique*, promised by the solemn vow.

So that when, some six weeks after her début, the usual wealthy admirer proffered the usual diamonds, she could, on declining them (for her English vocabulary was by this time both adequate and exhaustive), find a most excellent reply to the well-remembered and half-anticipated phrase: "Why Not?"

The young Earl of Chipstead, on returning home on short leave, was sorely perturbed to find his financial affairs in a deplorable state. "I never had a head for figures!" he ruefully admitted; and betook himself for consolation to "Paris-London, Express!"

The performance bored him, and his troubles awoke anew.

"Oh, for a common-sense, middle-class business head!" blue blood cried, as Adrienne's scene opened. Since his mood on that occasion did not call for frills and fluffiness, the sight of the trim little person in the black tailor-made, the white silk shirt, and the large black *moiré* bow (somewhat larger for stage purposes), refreshed his jaded lordship exceedingly.

"Looks a sensible sort of girl," he mused; "might have a business head, too; most Frenchwomen have."

He obtained an introduction with a little difficulty, for Adrienne, true to her vow, was distant. At supper, the next evening, he was distrait.

"What are you thinking?" she asked.

"Oh, beastly business matters!" answered the dejected one.

"Tell me, I like business," said the little *femme d'affaires*.

And he found himself actually telling her, and this Oliver Twist of a girl actually asked for more, until hopeless complexities, as she prompted, and suggested, and amended with amazing concentration, seemed almost simple after all.

"Do you think you could marry me, and manage me and my stupid affairs for life, if you could bear it?" he asked diffidently three weeks later. And with a little memory-laden smile:

"Why not?" demanded the future Countess of Chipstead.

In the language of the telephone: There was no reply, but a loud buzzing sound.

CHARLOTTE FRANKLYN.

THE OLD FARM—AND THE NEW FARM-HAND

News for Novices

PASSED BY CENSOR

NEW ARRIVAL *(nearing the Front for the first time, pointing to the Observation Balloons)*: "What are them things, mate?"

OLD HAND: "Oh! them's the billets for the flying blokes"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

MISS IRIS HOEY

Whose delightful acting in the part of Mrs. Calthorpe, whether as widow or parlour-maid, makes the success of the play

BY "JINGLE."

THIS is an entirely pleasant play, and as an agreeable sedative for war anxieties has much to recommend it. It is true that one of the ladies makes a brave show of trying to appear as an unpleasant person; but she seems to realise from the start that she has only been spatchcocked into the play by way of making a contrast, and she therefore makes her unpleasantness as mild as possible. The story is one that is usually the basis of a comic opera or a musical play, and, therefore, in the form of a three-act comedy it requires very deft spacing out. But Mr. Douglas Murray is a master of this gentle art, and his story is pieced together so neatly that the seams are never obvious to the eye.

❋

WE begin with a young and charming widow; and after that, you will admit, all things are possible. An old gentleman from Canada, one of those frightfully rich people from the great North-West, came back to have a look at the old country of his youth, and fell desperately in love with Mrs. Calthorpe. Considering that the lady in question is represented by Miss Iris Hoey, nobody will blame him. But Mrs. Calthorpe had no ambition to become an old man's darling, in spite of the fact that she stood a fair chance of becoming a widow for the second time very soon with money to burn. There was, therefore, nothing doing. But the old gentleman did not apparently like the idea of a peach like Mrs. Calthorpe going out of the family; so he went back home and made a will to the effect that his nephew, Fergus Wimbush, should inherit all his tremendous wealth, provided the young man went to England, found Mrs. Calthorpe, and married her.

MR. GEORGE TULLY

As Fergus Wimbush, "The Man from Toronto"

BY EDWIN MORROW

❋

NATURALLY, when Mrs. Calthorpe hears of the manner in which she has been disposed of,

(*Continued on page 476*)

Overseas and Summer Kit

SERVICE in Tropical or Summer weather calls for light but strong clothing, whether at home, on the Western Front, or in the Near or Far East. THRESHER & GLENNY supply such clothing—clothing which is the result of a pre-war experience of Indian and Army Outfitting of over a century.

SOLARO SUNPROOF CLOTH

Is a material of wool or cotton in which the inner surface is so woven of red or orange strands as to exclude the actinic sun rays to which sun-stroke and other forms of heat sickness are attributed.

	Tunic	Slacks	Shorts
Wool Solaro	105/-	42/-	—
Cotton Solaro	63/-	32/6	22/6
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Calvin Cord (washing)	50/-
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With two breast pockets, gauntlet cuffs, shoulder straps and collar attached, with badges of rank on shoulder, make a rational working dress. Made in Sunproof Solaro, with a spine pad or protector for the East. A cool, easy and healthy garment.

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Customers abroad or out of town are furnished with patterns and self-measurement forms. Tunics and especially breeches ordered in this manner from abroad give such extraordinary satisfaction in fit that Thresher and Glenny accept all risk with Customers' own measures if taken according to the form sent.

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LONDON

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

Edwards & Sons

(of Regent St.) Ltd

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Lady's polished Morocco Dressing Case, lined watered Silk, fitted with complete Toilet Service in Sterling Silver, engine-turned design.

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Exceptional value.

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Supplied complete in Waterproof Envelope, fitted with swivels to attach to belt for convenience in carrying.

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Also in heavier weights the QUORN No. 1, 2 and 3 Active Service Coats.

Only measurements required to ensure perfect fit: Chest, length of sleeve from centre of back to length desired, and height.
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No. 283.—**Water Bottle,** nickel silver plated inside, non-corrosive, screw top, rounded front, flat back, covered khaki cloth, 1¾ pints	£1	6 6
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Seen from the Stalls

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MLLE. EDMÉE DORMEUIL

Who is to play the part of Commère in the new play, "Fizz," at the Comedy

Photograph *Arbuthnot*

MISS RUBY MILLER

As she appears in "Going Up" at the Gaiety

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS VIOLET ESSEX

Who is appearing in "Violette" at the Lyric

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN

A favourite Canadian actress, who is playing in "Be Careful, Baby" at the Apollo

"THE MAN FROM TORONTO"

she is highly indignant. Ladies always are—on the stage. And Fergus Wimbush dutifully follows dramatic precedent by protesting against this requirement that he shall marry a lady whom he has never seen. We have got so used to this treatment of the situation that we should have been disappointed if it had not been supplied. But although we know from experience that the nephew and the widow will make a match of it at the finish, it must not be assumed that the story ambles along to its appointed end without further incident. The charm of the play lies in the fresh treatment of an ancient theme, which the author has presumably chosen because he can present it to us in a new and a brighter light. After all, Mr. William Shakespeare did this sort of thing frequently. Why not, therefore, Mr. Douglas Murray?

BY EDWIN MORROW

❋

The task the author sets himself is to camouflage the obvious climax by minor diversions and side issues; and this he does with complete success. Mrs. Calthorpe, for instance, has an elderly friend, Mrs. Hubbard, who has just had her photograph taken, and brings a copy of it as a present to Mrs. Calthorpe. Mrs. Hubbard is not young, and she is not beautiful; but no doubt her heart is good, and Mrs. Calthorpe puts the photograph on the mantelpiece as a polite compliment, and hopes for the best. Mrs. Calthorpe's next step is to acquire the outfit of a first-class parlourmaid, her intention being to have a good look from a safe distance at the Man from Toronto before making up her mind whether it is good enough or not. When the Man arrives, therefore, his hostess is not there to receive him, only a very dossy little maidservant, who looks awfully fetching in her cap and apron.

❋

It seems to Wimbush a little strange that the lady to whom he has been allotted should not be there to welcome him, and in his anxiety to know the worst at once, he asks if he may see a photograph of her. The parlourmaid would have been more than human if she had not at once indicated the photograph of the broad and nubbly features of her friend on the mantelpiece, and playfully perjured herself by vowing that it was a faithful likeness of Wimbush's appointed affinity. Wimbush takes the photograph in his hand, and feels a little faint at the prospect it seems to open to him. Then he puts it down and decides to make love to the parlourmaid instead. After all, what (on the stage) is a mere fortune compared to the sparkling eye of neat-handed Phyllis? Besides Canada is a democratic country, and folks think more of you there for what you do than what you are. We, who are in the secret, feel rather glad things have taken this turn, because we know, although we wouldn't breathe a word of it to Wimbush, of course, that while he thinks he is making a great sacrifice for love, he is really only pairing off with the heroine as per the rules of the game; and he will be able to preserve his lovely fortune intact. That, after all, is the great thing, isn't it?

❋

The little bit of unpleasantness, referred to above, is personally conducted by Wimbush's sister Ruth, who is financially interested in the proper carrying out of the terms of the uncle's will. If the match does not come off as arranged, she stands to lose her share of the welcome fortune, and she would rather not do that if it can be avoided. She therefore takes Mrs. Calthorpe, in her make-up as parlour-maid, aside, and promises her quite a heap of money if she will renounce her ridiculous claim to Wimbush's love and affection. Here, again, we, who happen to have got all the facts before us, know that the lady is barking up the wrong tree, as it were; and as it is impossible that her plot should succeed, it does not cause us any undue anxiety. The story is bound to end happily, because it has always done so. All we have to do is to sit and smile at the author's ingenuity and delightful wit. Miss Iris Hoey is at her best in the part of Mrs. Calthorpe, her acting and resource are altogether delightful, and I do not think she has been seen to such advantage before. Mr. George Tully, as the man from Toronto, gives a realistic picture of the virile Colonial, with his neat comments and quaint phrases; and Mr. Eric Lewis is most happily suited with the part of a family solicitor with a sense of humour.

JINGLE

The Girl of the Week

Maisie

MAISIE is making Munitions,
With a cap o'er her golden hair;
She is smart and slim
In the over-all trim
That the prettiest War-Girls wear.

The Boys in "dug-outs" and trenches,
Who shiver the long nights through,
Know that far away—
While they wait for day—
Sweet Maisie's on "night-shifts" too!

They murmur blessings on Maisie,
The Queen of the Six-inch Shell,
Toiling over-time
In the noise and grime—
Small wonder they wish her well!

But when Maisie forwards "munitions"
Fragrant and slim and small,
And **Abdullas** bring
Joy—bliss—everything—
Then the Boys love her best of all!

ABDULLA
THE CIGARETTE OF ALL TIME

A Soldier's Duty

is performed in conditions the nearest approaching comfort when he is protected by

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which withstands the rough work of campaigning with an efficiency and durability that make it an unrivalled safeguard for officers of all ranks and arms.
With no rubber, oiled-silk, or other airtight material in its composition, THE BURBERRY, by its natural ventilation and airylight weight, prevents overheating or fatigue.

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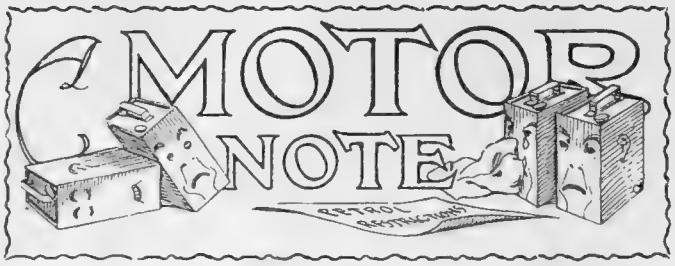

THE new Road Transport Board is a war emergency body. Its concern is to co-ordinate the work of existing Government Departments, whose operations lap and overlap and barge into one another. The idea is to conserve all forms of road transport, from the traction engine to the ass-cart; to group them into classes and territories; to know where they are and to supervise their economical use.

***

THE Road Transport Board does not affect the Road Board. The latter deals with the construction and maintenance of the road upon which the vehicles of the Transport Board operate. At any rate, the Road Board started with that intention, but fell at the war hurdle, and never rose again. Resurrection is anticipated after the war—assuming that time is not a mad pacifists' dream!

***

MY bright particular hope is that the Board which came in as a result of the war and the Board which went out as a result of the war will emerge from the war as one. We shall want a Department of Transport and shall want it very badly. Its sections can handle shipping, railways, and, not less importantly than shipping and much more importantly than railways, mechanical road transport.

OF the last section of my Department of Transport, the Road Board would be the road surveyors and engineers department. That is its rightful job and the only job it can do. And I hope, if my scheme ever happens, that we shall not be guilty of the large foolishness of attempting to run the road department, as now, on funds filched from one section of road users. Those funds will have to come from local rates raised upon a definite plan of rateable valuations.

***

THE Fiat Company, of Turin, desires it to be known that the Fiat Werke, of Austria, is no relation. It started by being an offspring with certain trading rights, but these were all cut off when Italy came into the war. "The Fiat Company's new steel works in Austria" to which, I understand, references have been made in other and less careful journals, are no concern of the Italian firm, except to the extent that they represent an apparent indifference on the part of the Austrian Company to the fact that its right to the use of the name Fiat was unconditionally withdrawn years ago.

***

Co-operative Production

THE co-operative idea of motor-car production refuses to die. It is about an eight-year-old idea in these columns and incurred some contumely at the mouths of those who talk about individuality being the marrow of British industry. That is still talked; but we shall yet arrive at a stage of co-operative production with the facilities of the motor industry grouped for the purposes of specialised manufacture of components for subsequent assembly into standardised vehicles.

***

An Economiser

THE Berdea Automatic Carburettor Control for Ford cars, effects a distinct improvement where one was particularly wanted, and achieves a no less desirable economy in fuel consumption—as Herbert Frood, and others of authority, witness. It is marketed by Brown Brothers, of Great Eastern Street at 30*s*.

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Apart from being the original model from which all others are copied, it is the only Car in the world that has conquered the European Alps under the official observation of the Royal Automobile Club.

The Post-War Napier will have concentrated upon it the accumulated knowledge of over a Century's Engineering experience.

Constructed with meticulous care and accuracy, it will embody:—

SILENT POWER, EASY CONTROL,
REFINEMENT AND RELIABILITY.

Please add your name to the Napier waiting list.

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

ALTHOUGH the new play at the Royalty, *The Man from Toronto*, does not lend itself to much in the way of sumptuous dressing, every woman's heart will go out to the cool white frock in which Miss Iris Hoey makes her first appearance. This is of some transparent material, and is lavishly, but at the same time most tastefully, inset with narrow Valenciennes insertions, and shows the new loose panel tablier over a quite *collante* skirt. Round the waist a very pale yellow velvet ribbon is worn, the ends knotted carelessly, as is the mode, at the back.

Essentially of the summer hour also is the frock allotted to Miss Gwen Gwynne, of white voile spotted and deeply bordered with powder blue, which is worn with a sports coat and such a fascinating *béret* of pale grey *miroir* velvet, which becomes to perfection this most charming of flappers, who appears to be uncommonly clever. Modes for parlourmaids practically monopolise the rest of the modistic situation. The very superior young person who sails majestically through this particular walk of life will doubtless seize the first opportunity of arraying herself—after Miss Iris Hoey—in a Princesse frock of black *crêpe de Chine*, with snowy georgette collar and cuffs, and the last word in a coquettish lace-trimmed apron, a mere apology for the recognised badge of domestic service. At the present inflated rate of wages far stranger things may happen than the sight of parlourmaids arrayed in silks and satins. To these the proposed luxury-tax will be a mere pin-prick.

❋

The Seductive Sweater

THERE is no getting away from the lure of this adorable garment, and, thanks to the immense variety of styles and fabricating mediums, there is no disposition at present to cry "Hold, enough!" We are fortunate in having in our midst artists who are singularly adept in devising fresh inspirations, and who are using with impartiality knitted silks, cashmeres, stockinette, or silk jersey and *crêpe de Chine*.

Either of the two last-named would serve for our pictured suggestion, which would look well in a light shade of Venetian red, to which could be toned the bandanna silk handkerchief for the collar and tie. Straight and studiously simple as this appears, the above-mentioned artists would be quick to show you the importance of certain details in cut, especially that relating to the armhole. Hands less cunning come to such sad grief where that is concerned. For the skirt there is used white flannel laid in flat pleats, a *jupe* that can at the moment do no wrong in the sight of the fastidious sports girl. A flannel cloth with a pin stripe of faint colouring running through it is a great vogue, and, as a notable ladies' tailor pointed out the other day, suits built of this can be worn throughout the summer, and for the autumn be dyed dark blue, black, or brown, the stripe still showing up in the solid colour. As we are all out for economy nowadays, I pass this notion on with considerable confidence.

A SILK SWEATER
In Venetian red, with toned bandanna handkerchief used as collar and tie

❋

Summer Millinery Surpassingly Attractive

THE whole consensus of opinion has it that the millinery of the moment has a charm and a particular *cachet*; and best of all tributes, let it be said that, with very few exceptions the styles are singularly wearable. The only trouble is to know exactly what to choose and what to leave

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

behind ; one and all are so desirable. Ostrich feathers, by the way, have come into their own again, under the influence of a quite fresh arrangement. In a *mélange* of colours, the fronds uncurled, they are laid flat on a wide, straight brim, where they are held in subjection by a lightly strained veiling of tulle. In many instances the intention obviously is to suggest a delicate chameleon colouring, which is at once delightfully fresh and seasonable, especially when the hat is in some delicate shade of crinoline.

A lovely shade of Nattier blue lancer feather trims the shape of shiny black straw our artist has illlustrated, a dull silver ribbon, the reverse side of which is Nattier blue, covering the back of the feather. An effective Chinese embroidery in shades of blue adorns the accompanying parasol, which is of natural Shantung.

Muslin, linen, and batiste hats are all playing an alluring part in the present summer scheme. Fine batiste, or perhaps it is *linon* lawn, is responsible for the sweetest shady things, with kilted frills and softly draped crowns; these are perfection for river and country wear. Meanwhile, our second original military venture awaits description. Inspired from a very exclusive source is this affair of very clear white muslin, the brim lined with a pale yellow terry ribbon, the outer edge turned up and left standing, a decoration that is proving one of the successes of the year; and with this there goes a cretonne parasol, delicate colourings on a white ground, edged fringe and lined with chiffon.

SUMMER MILLINERY

A black straw trimmed with Nattier blue feather and silver ribbon; and a clear white muslin hat, the brim lined with a yellow terry ribbon

Matters and Modes in Furs

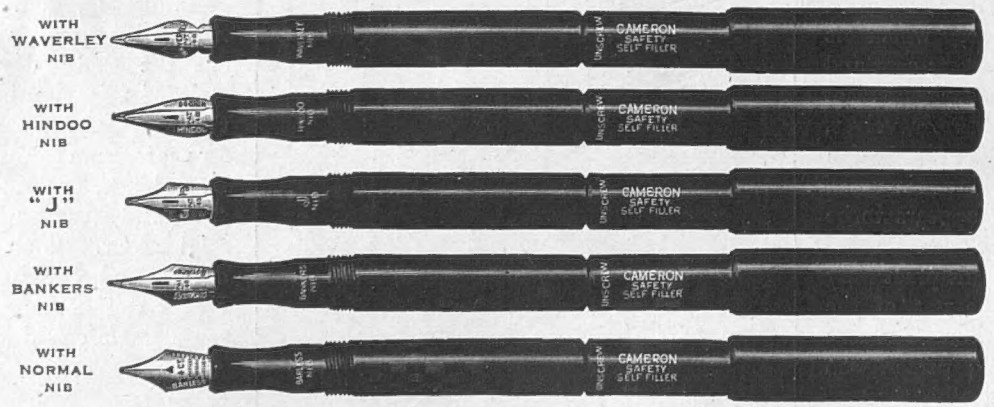
LAST season, as we all know, was a record one for the purveyors of the cheaper class of furs. And the reason, equally well known

(Continued on page 484)

This Range of Nibs reaches the requirements of the most exacting of writers.

Cameron
Safety Self Fillers

No need of a separate filler The Cameron is complete and self-contained.



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The HINDOO NIB, for all who incline on the side of the nib in writing.

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Will produce and maintain a complexion of Radiant Beauty and Charm, being Radio-Active it has no parallel for removing lines and keeping the rounded contours of Youth. The effect of Caradium is magical.

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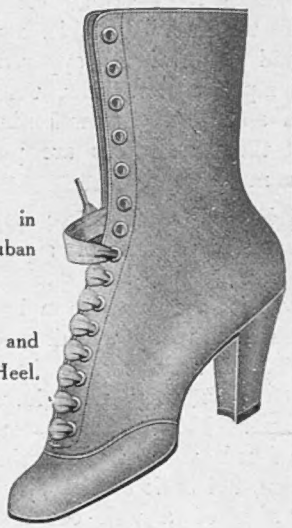
42/-



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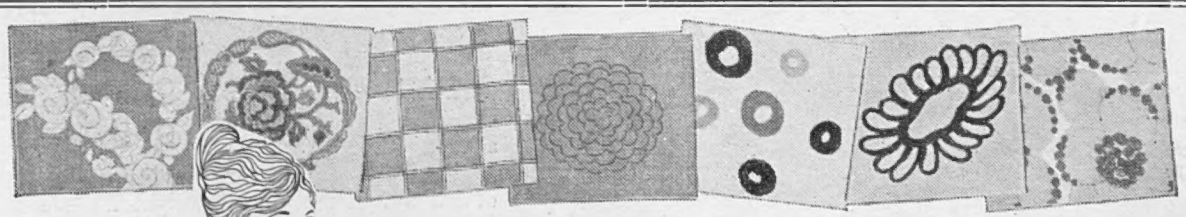

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WOMEN of distinctive taste will find in these Fabrics a rare opportunity for the expression of individual preferences in bold designs and rich colours. Indeed, it has been said, to our knowledge, that the hand of a fairy godmother might have brought forth these delightful Dress Goods, so exquisite are they in texture, so delicate in sheen, so charming in colouring, so unique in their variety of design.

Sefton Fabrics are devised in the extreme of fashion and are remarkable for their big and bright decorations—features which, unfortunately, it is not possible to reproduce within the limits of this advertisement. Their original character must be seen to be realised.

SEFTON SHERELENE 36in. wide double width **2/-** per yard

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OBTAINABLE ONLY AT HIGH-CLASS & SPÉCIALITÉ DRAPERS

Sefton Fabrics

Irish Sherelene & Irish Sherevoile

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

will probably rule again this winter, notwithstanding the steady rise in price. Those who deal almost exclusively in the poor qualities have certainly become adept in the handling of any and every sort of skin, working up the humble rabbit, rat, and cat into apparent sumptuousness. But there is an unpleasant awakening if these imitations are put to much wear.

But there is never any mistaking skins of superlative value and quality, and it is an unwritten law with the really well-dressed that if they cannot have the best they will have none. Many last season, imbued with this resolution, fell back on the alternative of a well-cut and turned-out fur-trimmed cloth wrap. Having been granted a peep behind the scenes, I may say the coming modes in fur coats show an increased disposition to run to huge collars, at moments so large as to resemble capes. Long, narrow fur bands are to be seen passed twice round the figure, and the whole situation seems to point to rather more shapeliness of form. Short-haired furs like seal musquash are frequently treated as though they were merely a material, such as velvet, a favourite treatment being the gathering on the back or sides of a paletot.

"LEAVE IT TO THE NAVY"

This clever little picture, recently published with a companion sketch, is the work of Mr. Harold Earnshaw, a frequent contributor to "The Bystander." Mr. Earnshaw was unlucky enough to lose his right arm on active service, but with magnificent pluck has made his left hand do what his right hand used to do. This picture was painted within six months of the time he left the hospital

A Fair in the Square

Trafalgar Square will lose its austerity from June 20-26 and appear as a garden. The British Ambulance Society are going to use it for a Rose Show in aid of their funds, and a magnificent display of blooms is assured. In addition, the band of the Royal Horse Guards and other regimental bands will play each afternoon, and, of course, Mr. George Robey will conduct an auction. Don't forget this Show—it will be well worth going to. And take your purse with you: the Ambulance Society deserves good support.

The Importance of Paper

Readers who come across instances of waste of paper should communicate by letter with the Paper Controller, 23, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

When you buy Silk

There is *one* way by which you may be certain of getting silk Satisfaction—that is, by asking distinctly for the new "Vigil" Silk.
Vigil silk is *pure* Silk—not a cheap mixture of silk and cotton, or silk weighted with tin to give impression of quality.
Vigil Silk has been tested and tried for over four years before being placed upon the market.
Vigil Silk will please you better and last longer than any Silk you have ever bought before, because—
Vigil Silk is British made, with all the thoroughness and sincerity that have made British goods famous the world over.
Vigil Silk is now being offered in a wide range of charming designs and dainty pastel colours by all the leading drapers. Its great superiority, however, lies in its wonderful durability.

40 in. Double Width, 8/11 yard. In plain White, Pastel Shades, Khaki, Stripes, etc.—for Ladies' wear, Men's wear, Children's wear—for Blouses, Dresses and Nurses' Cloaks, Underwear, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Dressing-gowns and Shirts, Draperies, Curtains, Cushions, Fancy Work, etc.

VIGIL BLOUSES. Many of the leading Drapers are now offering the most delightful creations in ready-made Blouses of Vigil Silk. Ask your Draper to show you styles.

Vigil
The New Silk

For wear and washing Vigil Silk is far and away better than anything that has ever been offered at its price. This statement is backed by the strongest possible guarantees.